

**AUDITORIUM**  
ONE NIGHT ONLY  
**Tuesday, April 18**  
George McManus' Musical Selection  
Right from the Funny Page

**BRINGING**  
CATCHY MUSIC UP PRETTY GIRLS

**FATHER**  
The Biggest, Funniest Fun Show  
on the Road. Don't Miss This Treat

Seat on sale Saturday Morning  
PRICES—\$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.  
Secure Your Seats Early—This is a  
S. R. O. Attraction



**Best Policy**  
Invest your money in First  
mortgages on improved  
farms in Oregon, Washing-  
ton, Idaho and Montana, to  
be secured through this  
company. It's safe, it's sure,  
it's profitable. All property  
insured personally in this  
company. All payments of  
interest and principal made  
through this office without  
trouble or expense to the  
holder. Offered in any de-  
monstration from \$500 up.

**VERMONT**  
**FOAN & TRUST**  
**COMPANY**  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

**WHAT**  
**WE**  
**DO**

We call for your family washing.  
We wash all your clothes.  
We iron all your flat pieces.  
We dry the remaining pieces.  
We return your wash promptly.  
We charge for all this only 3  
cents per pound, provided your  
wash weighs 25 pounds or over.  
If you have not already received  
one of our new family wash list-  
it for one at once, as you cannot  
trouble to have your washing done  
anywhere.

Washings taken Monday returned  
Wednesday. Washings taken  
Tuesday returned by Thursday.  
Washings taken later than Tuesday,  
returned at our convenience.

**Brattleboro Steam Laundry**  
W. K. SPARKS, Prop.  
Phone 72 36 Flat St.

**Fire and Life**  
**INSURANCE**

Strong, Reliable Companies.

**Sanford A. Daniels**

Crosby Block, Brattleboro  
Telephone 41-2

**CLEAR POLICIES**

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BANK BLOCK, BRATTLEBORO

**HORTON D. WALKER**  
EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Brattleboro, Vt.

**SCOTT FARM**  
E. C. TENNEY, Manager

**PURE VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP**  
Blue Ribbon Guernsey Butter  
VISITORS WELCOME AT ALL TIMES  
TEL 227-Y

**A LIFE INTEREST**

In an estate is good if the estate is well  
managed. Ask us about a life annuity  
in the National. As true as you live, as  
long as you live. Consult us. National  
Life Ins. Co., of Vt. (Mutual)—AL-  
BERT C. LAIRD, Special Agent, Abbot  
Block.

## LOG DRIVES ARE NO MORE

Reminiscent Story of Annu-  
al Occurrence in Con-  
necticut River

FIRST CAME ONLY  
TO BRATTLEBORO

Other Ways Found for Handling Big  
Timber Cut—Element of Danger to  
Rivermen Never Absent—Service of  
One Man Spanned Entire Period.

A tiny steam scow, wedge-shaped  
like a piece of restaurant pie, if a  
piece of pie could be imagined to have  
a box on its lid and a smoke-stack  
projecting out of the box, skinned the  
waters of the Connecticut on a gray  
day late last fall when the river ran  
still and black under the shadows of  
the coming winter, says the Spring-  
field Sunday Republican. From close  
under the bowler-straw bank where  
Mt. Holyoke plunges a stark snub  
shoulder into the encircling waters,  
she slid crescent-wise across the cur-  
rent toward the flat dull-colored mead-  
ows opposite. She was a rickety lit-  
tle craft, old, seemingly awkward, all  
lungs and no body, but capable for  
her purpose. For the long line of  
logs dragged on a chain in her wake  
moved smartly and easily along even  
when the current struck them head-  
end and bent their order crescentwise,  
also in midstream.

There was nothing in the faces of  
any of the three men on the deck of  
the little craft to indicate that her  
slight journey had any special signifi-  
cance. But loggers—and at least  
two of those aboard were veterans of  
many a "drive"—are not given, like  
actors or people of great drawing-  
room experience to telling stories with  
their eyes. But there was a story to  
be told for all their stolidity, a story  
in keeping with the somberness of the  
day and the time of year. When the  
little steam scow with old Al Patrick,  
"drive boss" for 32 years on his  
prow, passed the entrance to the  
great Oxbow that surrounds the  
Connecticut valley lumber company's great  
saw mill on "the island," she was  
bringing in the 1915 boom, the last  
logs of the last drive that the Con-  
necticut river in all probability will ever  
see. From the shore a group of prom-  
inent lumber men watched her and a  
camera clicked to record the closing  
of a great history, the history of 50  
years of risks and chances taken by  
great sawmilling men in the open air,  
a history not without an epic tang  
about it, and certainly with an epic  
hero. The pulp demand may grow and  
changes in market facilities may shift  
the sites of sawmills as they will but  
the grandsons of Connecticut river log-  
gers, it is easy to believe, will still  
tell tales to their grandchildren of  
George Van Dyke, and the drives on  
the Connecticut.

One by one the great sawmills  
along the Connecticut, at Hartford,  
Holyoke, Melndoe Falls, Brattleboro,  
Bellows Falls, have closed their doors  
and sold their machinery to plants lo-  
cated nearer to the sources of supply,  
but in spite of the long drive from  
the Connecticut lakes, from Perry  
stream, Indian stream and Hall stream,  
the tributaries of the infant Con-  
necticut, reaching in some cases over the  
northern boundaries of New Hamp-  
shire and Vermont into Canada, the  
Connecticut valley company, or the  
Mount Tom mill, as it is more fa-  
miliarly known throughout the valley,  
has managed to make the drives pro-  
fitable. Even now it is not admitted  
officially that the last mill will close.  
Nevertheless the loggers have taken  
the admission that there will be no  
drive in 1916 as a hint that there  
will be no more drives at all, and  
business gossips are sure that the  
company has been led to give up its  
local plant by the assurance of vast  
profits to be had by serving the great  
wood-pulp demand directly from its  
immense timber preserves. The drive  
has not ceased to be profitable, but  
there are other methods in the indus-  
try still more profitable, it is said.

First Drive 47 Years Ago.

Forty-seven years ago the first drive  
came. Judged by the standards of  
some of its mammoth successors, it  
was a comparatively puny effort, a  
mere score of million of logs carried  
only from the mouth of Connecticut  
lake to Brattleboro. "Al" Patrick,  
known on the censor's and assessor's  
books and the voting list, but in no  
logger's natural conversation as Al-  
bert Kirkpatrick, who bossed the last  
drive on its last stage, was one of the  
young huskies fresh from the Maine  
woods who served Boss Charles Weeks  
in this first drive crew. His is the  
only service that spans the whole his-  
tory of the drives on the Connecticut.  
Side by side with him, paid day  
wages also, worked George S. Van  
Dyke, later to be head of a syndicate  
controlling all the lumber operations on  
the river.

Then for two years Patrick stayed  
away from the Connecticut, working  
on the Maine rivers, where he had  
served his apprenticeship. When he  
came back in the early '70s, the Con-  
necticut drives had already leaped at  
most to full blast. A thousand men,  
sometimes more, were invading the  
headwater forests each winter, and  
piling up logs on the ice of the  
streams and the lakes in annual lots  
of 80,000,000 and 90,000,000. Fully  
500 would start down with the spring  
freshets for the brand new mills at  
Melndoe Falls, Bellows Falls, Hol-  
yoke and Hartford. Later when the  
mills were merged, and the tedious  
operation of sorting the logs at each  
mill site could be eliminated, the num-  
ber of men taking down the drive was  
cut to less than 200, although it ran  
far above that in time of low water,  
or for drives of unusual size, like the

river's record drive of 34 years ago,  
when Drive Boss Fred Gilmore brought  
down 120,000,000 logs for the Mount  
Tom, Holyoke and Hartford mills at a  
time when Asa Smith was head of the  
syndicate.  
Danger Never Removed.

But whether the logging interests of  
the Connecticut were merged or not,  
life was always very much the same  
on the drives. Modern science, which  
has revolutionized industry after in-  
dustry, has left the log drive pretty  
much as it was. You can blow a jam  
loose with dynamite, at such a risk to  
valuable timber that nobody cares to  
use it except as a last resort, but aside  
from that very little can be done to a  
drive that the lumberjacks did not  
know about on that first drive to  
Brattleboro. When a jam comes, the  
whole camp must turn out and pick  
and pick and pick for the "key log." The  
"key log" is the trunk which to  
the jam is as a keystone to an arch.  
All the forces of the great mass be-  
hind it are so curiously disposed that  
if the "key log" is picked, that is,  
jerked out of the mass and sent slid-  
ing down the river, the deadlock in  
the entire floating forest will give  
way. Picking for it combines the dif-  
ficulties of looking for a needle in a  
haystack with a good deal of the dan-  
ger that would impend if the needle  
and each wisp of hay were capable of  
inflicting a death wound. If the cur-  
rent is slow and the jam starts easily,  
after it is picked, the experience is  
not necessarily thrilling; but if a sec-  
tion of it starts with even a slight  
rush, getting back to shore may not be  
easy.

It was a life full of danger, but it  
was hard to get any old logger to admit  
that it is especially dangerous. At  
Patrick, who has seen as many as 13  
men killed on a single drive, insists  
that every man whom he has ever  
known to come to his death on the  
Connecticut has come to it through  
"carelessness." The point is that the  
logger has to be careful with such  
nerve-straining alertness. At the same  
time he has almost every day of his  
life to walk into places where no ac-  
cidental carelessness would go except  
a mood of unalloyed recklessness. If  
a boom broke, and they have broken  
many times on the Connecticut, the  
strongest men in the camp had to go  
out in a rowboat and stretch a chain  
from end to end of the great mass  
stirring to move onward down the  
stream. Now there is no known dan-  
ger to a boat, even a tiny scow,  
hounded in by a log drive that can be  
counted in millions, and there is no  
chance for the men in it either, un-  
less they can jump just at the right  
minute, land just at the right spot  
where the logs will bear a man with-  
out turning, and from where there is  
safe passage with no lanes of water  
intervening to the shore.

Lives Lost in Water Lanes.

These lanes of water have been the  
death of many a good logger on the  
Connecticut. The drive doesn't al-  
ways doat as a solid mass. Queer lit-  
tle quirks in the current will spread it  
out where the river is broad and a  
workman who has not been 100 per-  
cent careful, who has not while at-  
tending strictly to his own work and  
to the immediate problem of keeping  
his footing on the round slippery  
trunks, kept a weather eye abroad for  
the larger movement of the pack, has  
found himself many a time cut off  
from the bank with the little cluster  
of logs under his feet scattering.  
With luck the little cluster may hold  
together like a raft, until it touches  
the main drive again. But this is  
with very good luck, indeed. The or-  
dinary laws of chance and of physics  
would cause it to drift apart by rea-  
son of the marooned logger's very ef-  
forts to keep his footing. And once  
down in the river with the log jam no  
man has a chance. Hard as a lum-  
berjack's body may be, it is a soft thing  
to fight for place with logs in a swift  
current. "It don't do a logger much  
good to know how to swim," says Al  
Patrick.

The loggers have come down the  
Connecticut every year praying against  
low water, and yet by reason of his  
peril of being caught too far from  
shore, the high water season is the  
time of greatest danger. Then the  
drive floats most easily, but it also  
drifts apart more easily and drifts  
faster than at any other time. The  
hard seasons, when progress has been  
most tedious, when jams have come  
that required a month of picking,  
when millions of logs sometimes have  
had to be left on dry bottoms of the  
upper river to be sent down in the fall  
freshets, have been the seasons of the  
hardest work, but of the fewest fa-  
talties. But such work as it has  
been. The situation has always been  
such in the mills that the drive would  
be welcome in the spring, was need-

ed in the early summer, and could not  
be spared longer than the early fall.  
As a result the aim of every drive  
boss and of every jack on the drive  
was to get it in the earliest moment  
possible, regardless of consequences.  
The only limits that were considered  
were those of the daylight and the ab-  
solute limit of human endurance. Ev-  
ery June Al Patrick has had break-  
fast at 2 o'clock in the morning and  
supper at 9 o'clock at night.

Invading "Civilization."

From March or early April when  
the ice broke up in the headwaters  
streams and lakes, until midsummer,  
sometimes until late in the fall, this  
life of limit-stretching exertion, of ex-  
hausting watchfulness for the safety  
of life and limb continued. It is  
no wonder that under its discipline the  
200-odd loggers who came down the  
river every fall were known through-  
out the valley for their feats of  
strength. Brouned and hardened as no  
other workmen were, swinging along  
the streets with a long open country  
gait, their appearance, when they in-  
vaded what they naïvely and without  
any apparent idea of jest called "civil-  
ization," never failed to call forth  
the attention of the crowds. Some-  
thing of the rough and rather boister-  
ous camaraderie of the camp clung to  
them, also distinguished their exploits  
even when these were completed in the  
police court. Loggers in the valley  
have even been known to wreck a sa-  
loon without malice and then pay the  
damage cheerfully afterwards, a prac-  
tice long considered typical only of  
less effete civilizations. A strange  
rough and tumble, wonderfully alive  
existence, demanding courage, watch-  
fulness, bold powers of resolve and  
quick resourcefulness both mental and  
physical in the men who followed it,  
it produced an archetype of its kind  
in George S. Van Dyke.

He was a woodsman born, and a  
woodsman he died. He had the tremen-  
dous muscular development of a  
man who throughout his youth and  
young manhood had used his physical  
powers to the utmost. His strapping  
pair of shoulders in his unpopularity  
were the despair of Boston tailors. He  
wore a 19½ collar. There was no  
point on the Connecticut where his  
powerful shout would not carry with  
perfect distinctness from bank to  
bank. Although the latter half of his  
life was spent for the most part in  
offices, his skin never lost under its  
dark rich red stain that the out-  
doors had given it.

WEST DUMMERSTON

Mrs. Parnely Day of New Haven  
is spending the week at her farm here.  
Mrs. Lewis Combs is ill. Miss John-  
son, nurse, of Brattleboro is caring  
for her.

Miss Gladys Stevens of Brattleboro  
visited her grandmother, Mrs. Nellie  
Phillips, last week.

The Ladies' Aid society spent a  
very pleasant afternoon with Mrs.  
Samuel Clark Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Richardson  
and daughter of Brattleboro spent  
the week-end at T. F. O'Brien's.

Mrs. Ida McCrellis of Brattleboro  
visited the first of this week with her  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Norcross.

Schools in districts No. 1 and 6 be-  
gan the spring term Monday. Miss  
Richmond of Westminster teaching No.  
6 and Miss Murphy teaching No. 1.

Passion week will be observed in the  
Baptist church in West Dummerston  
next week with services every night  
except Saturday. Rev. E. W. Johnson  
of West Wardboro, Rev. Walter Curtis  
of Westminster West and Rev. E.  
A. Kelly of South Newfare will be the  
speakers.

GRAFTON.

All schools in town began Monday.

Mrs. Mae Glazier is with her sister,  
Mrs. Etta Hale a few days.

Mrs. A. M. Covey and daughter,  
Ethel, have moved to Bellows Falls.

Miss Amy Davis is in Brattleboro a  
few days, a guest of Mrs. Charles Palm-  
er.

At the Covey auction Friday Will  
Townsend of Saxtons River bought the  
farm.

Mrs. Ida Blake of Bellows Falls is as-  
sisting in the housework at William  
Colburn's.

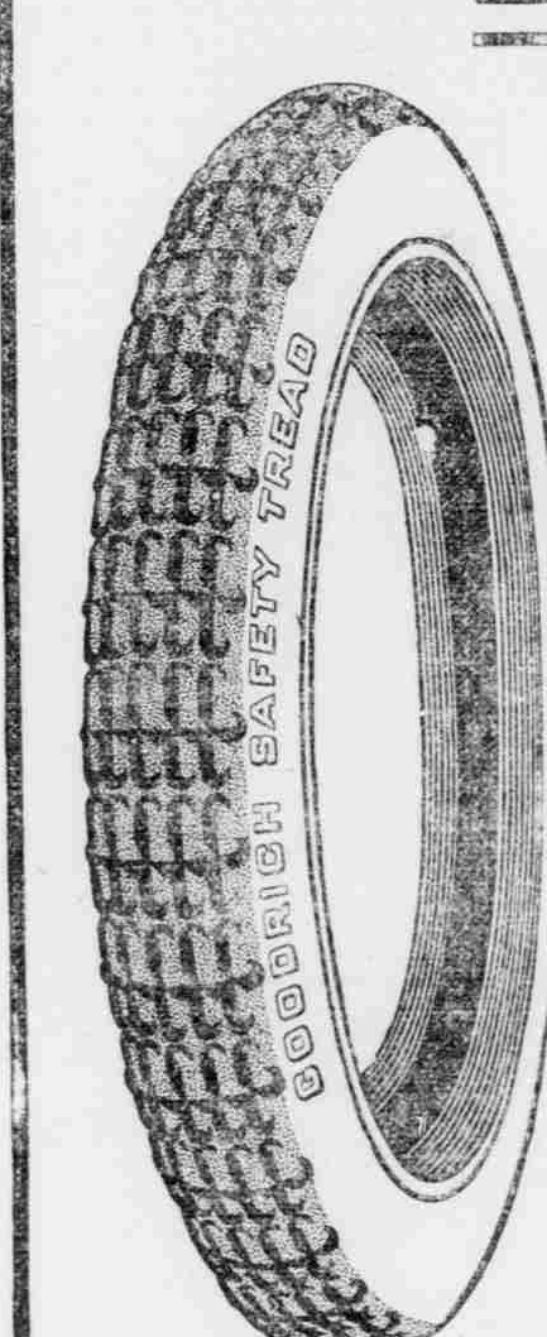
Miss Edith Glazier is at Mrs. Etta  
Hall's vacation from the  
Chester high school.

E. L. Clark of Waukegan, Ill., has  
been visiting his mother, Mrs. L. M.  
Clark, a few days.

Miss Florence Stickney of Saxtons  
River was a guest of Miss Edith Col-  
burn from Thursday to Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Bathrie of Brat-  
tleboro returned to their home Satur-

## That new, black— "Barefoot" Rubber!



30 x 3 1/2	Ford Sizes	\$16.40
30 x 3 1/2		\$13.40
32 x 3 1/2		\$15.45
33 x 4	Safety Tread	\$22.00
34 x 4	"Fair-List"	\$22.40
36 x 4 1/2		\$31.00
37 x 5		\$37.35
38 x 5 1/2		\$50.60

ONE of its most valuable characteristics, for  
Tire (and Shoe) purposes, is its CLING  
quality—its tenacious grip on smooth and  
slippery surfaces.

Through that it gives its maximum Traction with  
a minimum of Friction.

When you put on the Brakes to stop the Car, or  
throw in the Clutch to start the Car, the Tires made of  
this black "BAREFOOT" Rubber instead of grinding  
against the ground for Traction, CLING to it, as your  
bare foot would cling to a slippery floor.

That's why we've finally christened it, and trade-  
marked it, as "Barefoot" Rubber.

Get a slipper of it, from any Goodrich Branch or  
nearest Dealer.

You'll find it stretch almost as much, and return to  
shape almost as instantly, as a pure Rubber band.

Weigh a Goodrich "Barefoot" Tire of any size  
against the corresponding size of other makes of Tire,  
and you'll find it many pounds lighter, though many  
"Miles" stronger.

Drive it, and you'll find in Goodrich "Barefoot"  
Tires a *swiftness*, a *quick response* to power, a *tenacity*  
of traction,—and all this with a Mileage capacity which  
will surprise and delight you.

WE developed this "Barefoot Rubber" prim-  
arily for use in our now famous "Silver-  
town Cord" Tire which, last year, showed  
such marvellous ENDURANCE on the Race Track, at  
over 100 Miles per hour.

But we now make it into Goodrich FABRIC Tires,  
—Goodrich Inner Tubes,—Goodrich Motor-Cycle Tires,  
—Goodrich Truck Tires,—Goodrich Bicycle Tires,—  
Goodrich Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Socks and Hosiery, as  
well as into Silvertown Cord Tires.

Because,—in all of these characteristics of "Cling,  
—Spring,—Stretch,—Strength,—and Lightness" are  
first requisites.

Now, compare GOODRICH Fair-List prices with  
prices you are quoted for same size Tires of other Brands,  
that have not the wonderful Resiliency and Cling-quality  
of this new black "Barefoot" Rubber, which can be had  
in no other Tires than those made by—

THE E. F. GOODRICH CO.  
Akron, Ohio.

**GOODRICH**

—"BAREFOOT" Tires

day, after spending several weeks at  
Henry Bathrie's.

All will be interested in knowing that  
at the "better babies" contest held  
April 6 and 7 in Northampton, Mass.,  
the first prize, a five dollar gold piece,  
was given to Ernestine Walker Rey-  
nolds, daughter of R. Ernest and Marie  
Walker Reynolds. The contest was  
open to any baby in Hampshire county  
under two years of age. Ernestine was  
the 65th child examined and one or  
more were examined afterward. The  
prize was given by the Metropolitan  
Life Insurance company.

SAXTONS RIVER.

Miss Sylvia Fuller visited in Boston  
last week.

Fred Horan, who had been in Tam-  
pa, Fla., returned last week.

Miss Anna Anderson of Brattleboro  
spent Sunday with Miss Hazel Gale.

Mrs. Frank Wright of Charlestown,  
N. H., visited Miss Bessie Thompson  
over Sunday.

Fred Horan substituted for Mr.  
Green as conductor on the street rail-  
road last week.

Wayne Thompson of Bridgeport vi-  
sited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry  
Thompson, last week.

Mrs. John Stone came from Green-  
field, Mass., Saturday and is visiting  
at her home near Barber Park.

The wealth of France is estimated  
at fifty billion dollars.



BRINGING UP FATHER. AT THE AUDITORIUM TUESDAY, APRIL 18, FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

A Beautiful Portrait of

**MARY PICKFORD**

The Darling of the Screen

Size 8 1/4 x 11 inches—Done in exquisite Rotogravure—Suitable  
for Framing.

**FREE**

With the

**SUNDAY HERALD**

NEXT SUNDAY

This wonderful photograph is the first in a series of  
Rotogravure portraits of famous motion picture ac-  
tresses which will be distributed with the Boston Sun-  
day Herald for 16 weeks. The other portraits are of

Marguerite Courtot Clara Kimball Young  
Mary Miles Minter Marguerite Clark  
Ruth Roland Kathryn Williams  
Mabel Normand Lillian Gish  
Blanche Sweet Helen Holmes  
Edna Mayo Theda Bara  
Mary Fuller Anita Stewart  
Beverly Bayne

The entire series—each picture the right size to frame—  
make an usually beautiful gallery.

Start Your Collection by Getting Mary Pickford's  
Portrait Next Sunday with

**THE BOSTON**

**SUNDAY HERALD**

**Merchant Tailoring**

**SPECIAL**

By request, I have added to my regular "Made in Brattleboro"  
custom-made clothes line, the best "Made to Your Measure" line of  
Samples in New York. Just the time now for an order for a SUIT  
FOR EASTER. Come in and look the samples and styles over. De-  
posit required with each order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**Carl F. Cain, Merchant Tailor**

Advertise in the Reformer